

R I C H A R D

COEUR DE LION

A COMIC OPERA.

Price ONE SHILLING.

RICHARD

GOVERNMENT

A COMIC OPERA.



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R I C H A R D

COEUR DE LION.

A

COMIC OPERA,

AS PERFORMED AT

The Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Taken from a French Comedy of the same
Name, written by *Monsieur Sedaine* ;

B Y

LEONARD MACNALLY, Esq.

L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D F O R

T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

M,DCC,LXXXVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

RICHARD I. Cœur de Lion, } King of England,	Mr. DAVIES.
BLONDEL , his confidential friend,	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
FLORESTINE , Governör of a } Castle, —	Mr. M'READY.
MORGAN , an old Welsh Soldier,	Mr. QUICK.
LA BRUCE , Attendant on the Queen,	Mr. EDWIN.
BERGHEN , a Clown,	Mr. WEWITZER.
ANTONIO , Attendant on Blondel,	Mrs. BROWN.
GUILLET , Servant to Florestine	Mr. CUBITT.
PRINCIPAL KNIGHT,	Mr. DARLEY.
BERENGERIA , Queen consort } to Richard,	Mrs. BILLINGTON.
LAURETTA , Daughter to Morgan,	Mrs. MARTYR.
BEATRICE , Attendant on the Queen,	Miss BRANGIN.



KNIGHTS, SOLDIERS, PEASANTS, &c.

. **SCENE**, a Castle and its Vicinity, situated in a Forest
in Germany.

T O T H E

Queen's most Excellent Majesty,

T H I S O P E R A

I S H U M B L Y D E D I C A T E D,

By H E R M A J E S T Y ' S

Most faithful and

Most obedient Subject,

LEO. MACNALLY.

Temple,

Nov. 30, 1786.

TO THE

Queen's most illustrious Majesty,

THIS OPERA

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,



Most obedient servant,

LEO. VACCARLY.

Nov. 20. 1780.

P R E F A C E.

THIS Opera was written upon the spur of the occasion; a circumstance which may palliate, though not excuse its faults. The subject of the fable remains as in the original; but a few alterations have been made in its construction; and the writer has attempted to heighten the characters by a colouring of humour.

Few pieces have experienced a more extraordinary persecution. Previous to its appearance, the Manager and Writer were pestered with anonymous letters, threatening its destruction, by the force of party, for their daring to attempt an emulous opposition to the Romance under the same title then preparing at *Drury Lane*: and, after it appeared, several of the prints teemed with severe animadversions and abuse.

ONE critic displayed his judgment with great ingenuity and candour : he opened his old school satchell, and quoted both Greek and Latin, to point out passages analogous to classic ideas ; every literal error of the press was produced and animadverted on with astonishing ability ; he found prosaic lines in the poetry, and poetic thoughts in the prose ; but, above all, he made this great discovery, that the sentiments of *loyalty* breathed through the dialogue, were inimical to the British constitution.

As men of sensibility *feel* when their generosity is brought forward, this critic shall not be put to the blush, but be permitted to indulge in the secret satisfaction arising from his friendly exertions.

RICHARD

RICHARD COEUR DE LION.

A COMIC OPERA.

*The Songs marked thus * * * are Translations from the French
Opera of COEUR DE LION.*

A C T I.

SCENE, *a strong Castle and its Environs, situate
in a Wood. On one Side a Public-house, with
the sign of the Harp; on the other a long Stone
Bench.—Several Peasants, Men and Women, with
Instruments of Husbandry, are discovered drinking.*

CHORUS, &c. *Part of the French Overture.*

MORGAN, BERGHEN, LAURETTA, PEASANTS, &c.

* * *
LET's sing, let's be gay,
Let's be merry whilst we may,
Dance and laugh the time away;
Let's drink and play,
Till the fun brings in the day.

B

DANCE.

D A N C E.

MORGAN. Lightly footed, my gay boys, and 'fore George, the girls tripped it with an air and sprightliness that does credit to the village dancing-master.

BERGHEN. And we, do ye see, shall have a merry bout of it at our jubilee.

MORGAN. Yes, to-day old Nicholas plays the fool to the life—he is honey-moon struck, and remarries Blanch, his wife, after drawing, kicking, plunging and flouncing with her, for fifty years in the matrimonial yoke.

BERGHEN. But, why not have two weddings? If Lauretta would give me her pretty lilly white hand—

MORGAN. What say you girl?

LAURETTA. I have not said a word.

BERGHEN. Modest creature! She is ashamed to own how much she loves me! Though you did not say a word—I did. I said, if you would give me your pretty lilly white hand.

LAURETTA. I'll lend it to you. [*Slaps his cheek.*]

MORGAN. Why! huffey—[*Exit Lauretta.*]

BERGHEN. Never mind her; her familiarity shews affection.

MORGAN. Affection! yes, she has given you a striking proof, with a smack into the bargain.

BERGHEN.

BERGHEN. Let's have no more wrangling.

MORGAN. I will have more wrangling, but no matter for that. I have orders from the jubilee bridegroom to broach a hoghead of old stingo—I'll give you a cup of liquor, my lads, so sprightly, 'twould set a friary and convent dancing! and so generous, 'twould infuse benevolence into the heart of an usurer.

OLD GLEE, *composed in 1600.*

MORGAN, BERGHEN, PEASANTS, LAURETTA, &c.

IF health's fair rose begins to fade,

Take the advice that's here convey'd,

And soon the vivid tints will rise,

Pure as the blush of early skies;

This is the dear advice I give,

Quaff your cups if you would live,

Chorus.—This is the dear, &c.

Touch the trembling string,

Fill high the foaming glass,

In chorus let it pass,

Time and pleasure, dearest lass,

Are ever on the wing.

This is the dear advice I give,

Quaff your cups if you would live,

Chorus.—This is the dear, &c.

Enter BLONDEL, in a Pilgrim's Dress, a Bandeau on his Eyes, in his Hand a Harp, ANTONIO leading him.

BLONDEL. What noise was that ?

ANTONIO. Some villagers making merry.

BLONDEL. Lead on, my boy—'tis well you found me in the forest, or I should have lost my way.

ANTONIO. I may say 'tis well I found you—
you have rewarded me generously.

BLONDEL. And pray, my boy, what brought you so far into the wood ?—

ANTONIO. To look after a bird's nest, father.

BLONDEL. Not to rob it, I hope. Your gentle heart, my child, would not disturb the happiness of the little feathered family. Consider what torture your parents would suffer, should some barbarous hand steal you from them.

ANTONIO. Aye, very true ; but I only went to leave food where the old birds could find it for their young.

BLONDEL. Heaven bless my good boy—Where are we now, my little guide ?

ANTONIO. Not far from the great castle I told you of, with the high towers and deep ditch.—Don't you see (*pointing*) ?—O pardon me, good old man ! I forgot you were blind ; and I am sure,

sure, I would not insult your misfortune for the world !

BLONDEL. I believe you—your nature is gentle ; those who insult or ridicule their fellow-creatures, for personal misfortunes, are only the ignorant or the cruel.—What do *you* see, my lad ?

ANTONIO. Only a centinel on the battlements of the castle, with his cross-bow : but, father, you must be tired—rest upon this bench—there, go back two or three steps—

[*Placing Blondel on the bench.*]

BLONDEL. Thank you, my good-natured boy.—[*Sits.*]

ANTONIO. A public-house stands just opposite, kept by a generous old soldier, and I'll go and see if they can let you have a bed ; but don't stir till I return.

BLONDEL. Never fear ; the blind must remain where they are placed.

ANTONIO. I caution you, because, if any body goes nearer that castle, the soldiers have orders to seize and bring them before the Governor ;—but, la ! I have forgot your name already—

BLONDEL. Fitzwilliam, my good Antonio ; you hear I have not forgot yours.

ANTONIO. You must know, then, Fitzwilliam, I have a secret to tell you,

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL. Well, my boy, what is it?

ANTONIO. Why, it is,—it is, that—I am very sorry—but I can't be your guide to-morrow.

BLONDEL. That will be a great misfortune to me indeed : But why do you desert me, Antonio ?

ANTONIO. It is because I am invited to my grandson's wedding.

BLONDEL. Grandson ! Have you a grandson ?

ANTONIO. Bless me ! I meant my grandfather.—My grandfather, you must know, having been married fifty years, marries my grandmother over again to-morrow ; so we are to have a jubilee according to the custom of our country.

BLONDEL. Then what shall I do for a conductor ?

ANTONIO. You shall have one of my school-fellows, a flighty rogue to be sure, very witty, but extremely mischievous—but I like you so well, I'll not trust you with him—no, I'll do better ; I'll get you invited to my grandfather's wedding, so don't trouble yourself about to-morrow.—Heigh ho !

BLONDEL. Why do you sigh, my lad ?

ANTONIO. Because I am very fond of—Oh, I am ashamed to tell you—What do you think I am fond of ?

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL. Of dancing, I suppose.

ANTONIO. No, no—

BLONDEL. What then?

ANTONIO. Why, why, why---a little girl to be sure.---O my pretty Caroline.

S O N G.—A N T O N I O.—*Grétry.*

* * O! 'tis not dancing I admire,
My pleasures rest in Caroline;
And if her hand but touches mine,
I feel my heart blaze all on fire.
But when I press her to my panting breast,
Then, then, we whisper, whisper all the rest:
How I lament you cannot see us blest.

My Caroline is light as air,
And as she skims th' enamell'd mead,
She scarcely bends the daisies head;
Yet I oft catch the flying fair.
Oh! when I press her to my panting breast,
Then, then we whisper, whisper all the rest:
How I lament you cannot see us blest.

[*Exit into the house.*]

BLONDEL. He is gone, and I may now take
a view of this fortress. Within the massy walls
of such a place, perhaps the object of my long
and weary search is confined—Richard, royal
Richard, my general, my sovereign, my friend,
may

may there pine out his precious life in bitter sorrow ! The guards cannot suspect a man apparently old and blind. The gates of hell opened to the music of Orpheus, when animated by love—the gates of this castle shall open to me who am inspired by friendship.

S O N G—BLONDEL.—*Gretry.*

RICHARD, my liege, my gallant king,
The universe abandon thee ;
Thy friends and nobles disagree,
Nor can to thee assistance bring.
To me the task remains,
To break thy cruel chains,
To save thy fav'rite fair,
Who sinks in deep despair.

Unhappy monarch look for aid,
Not from laurels, fame or glory ;
Not from Clio, heavenly maid,
Who shall celebrate thy story.
A British minstrel hopes to prove,
His loyalty and love,
Nor seeks reward but from above.

Richard, my friend, my patriot king,
Blondel remains
To break thy chains ;
Blondel thy friend
His life will end,
Or will to thee assistance bring. (*Sits.*)

Enter ANTONIO.

ANTONIO. Well, father; I have procured you a lodging, and here comes the landlord himself, but in such a passion with his daughter, about her sweetheart, you never heard the like.

Enter MORGAN in a rage, pulling in GUILLOT, and followed by LAURETTA.

MORGAN. I'll teach you, firrah, to bring messages to my daughter.

LAURETTA. Father he must obey his master.

GUILLOT. The message is from the governor.

BLONDEL. From the governor! lead me close to them Antonio.

MORGAN. I, I, I, choke with rage.

GUILLOT. I come from the governor, insult me if you dare.

MORGAN. The governor, you dog, you foot licker, you spaniel, that fetches and carries for the hand that flogs you—I'll thrash you, firrah, though you came from the devil, and every word you spoke conveyed a plague.

GUILLOT. Hear me patiently.

MORGAN. I won't be patient.

C

LAURETTA.

LAURETTA: Do hear him father.

MORGAN. I wont hear—I am not an ozier that bends to every blast—No, firrah, I am an old British oak, and stand firm against any storm that blows upon me.

BLONDEL. Good folks attend to my aged voice:

MORGAN. The rascal comes with a message to my daughter from a vile seducer.

BLONDEL. Nay, be advised by me, and I will establish harmony among you.

MORGAN. Well, I will be advised, old fellow—Here, Antonio, lead this minstrel into the house, he appears in want, and though indigent myself, poverty shall never pass my doors without relief.

BLONDEL. Heaven will reward your bounty.

(Exit Blondel led by Antonio.)

MORGAN. And do you get about your business, or, firrah—

GUILLOT. I'll report your insolence to the governor. *(Exit.)*

MORGAN. So one plague is gone—thank Heaven, and—

LAURETTA. Berghen shall never marry me, that's flat.

MORGAN. Yes he shall—curse me but he shall, and that's round. Why not marry you?

LAURETTA.

LAURETTA. Because father, he's a clod of earth, a log of wood, a scare-crow, with a nose like a half ripe blackberry, and a face tawny and dirty as a new plucked carrot—see, father, leave our dispute to the priest of the parish—

MORGAN. The priest—no—I am not for appealing to the church, there a man pays double costs, he pays for law and gospel.

LAURETTA. Don't vex yourself, father.

MORGAN. I will vex myself, daughter.

LAURETTA. The governor—

MORGAN. Would ruin you—

LAURETTA. No matter for that—

MORGAN. Oh you minx.

Enter LA BRUCE.

LAURETTA. Bless me here comes a stranger. *(Exit.)*

MORGAN. If it was not for the stranger I'd thrash your jacket—

LA BRUCE. Thrash the girl's jacket—pray don't make a stranger of me.

MORGAN. And pray who are you friend?

LA BRUCE. I am—starving with hunger.

MORGAN. And what's your business here.

LA BRUCE. My pleasure is my business, and my business has always been my pleasure.—

But, friend, I want your assistance for a fair damsel I have left in the forest; a beautiful creature, and of quality, who has unfortunately separated from her attendants—she sits by the ruins of an old building, where she waits my return.

MORGAN. Come in good fellow refresh yourself, and I'll then attend you to the lady—you came in a lucky time; we have a matrimonial jubilee to be celebrated here this evening, between an old couple—

LA BRUCE. In their dotage I presume—I was married once, but am now, thank Heav'n, a widower.

MORGAN. Well, perhaps we may find you a second wife here.

LA BRUCE. Oh, no, my first wife rest her soul, is at peace in that earth whereon she waged eternal war; and for her sake I am resolved never to venture upon another.

SONG.—LA BRUCE.—*Irish Tune.*

I HAD a wife of my own,

Still with her tongue she chatter'd on;

Never could let me alone,

Clamper'd, scolded and clatter'd on:

Blockhead,

Blockhead, ape, cuckold and drone,
 With these soft words she flatter'd on;
 Not in my body a bone
 But with her knuckles she batter'd on.
 Row de dow, &c.

Kept me quite under her thumb,
 Toft my hat and wig about;
 If I said ought but mum;
 Twirl'd me like a jugg about,
 Making my body a drum,
 Trivially beating and jugg about;
 I was oblig'd to go glum,
 Like an old grunting pig about.
 Row de dow, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the FOREST—*An old ruin in front—*

BERENGERIA *discovered sitting upon a stone, leaning upon BEATRICE.*

BERENGERIA. I am in some degree recover'd, and will go on. (*rises.*)

BEATRICE. Dear lady, you had best wait the return of the guide—we may be lost in the labyrinth of this forest.

BERENGERIA. Heaven will direct us—or perhaps death relieve me from the oppressing grief that weighs me to the grave—Well, I will preserve my determination, and within the walls of a convent, seclude myself from the world.

SONG.

SONG.—BERENGIERIA.—*Shields.*

ONCE more my lyre, and then be still,
 To warn the world to count their days,
 Lest they their sacred leisure spill,
 In evil works and evil days ;
 And now, my lyre, thou may'st be still.

Once more, my pipe, and then be still,
 To warn the world how they affect
 Things all too high, with stubborn will,
 And stable joy for man expect ;
 And now, my pipe, thou may'st be still.

My voice, my lyre, my pipe be still,
 Yet silent shall not be your fate,
 When to oblivion's dusky rill,
 Retire the little and the great ;
 Ye all shall sound when I am still.

LA BRUCE. (*within*) Holloa ! holloa !

BERENGIERIA. Heaven protect us—

Enter LA BRUCE.

LA BRUCE. Your prayer is heard—Here's
 your guardian angel.

BERENGIERIA. Have you discovered any place
 where I can lodge—

LA BRUCE.

LA BRUCE. Yes lady, but not the convent you spoke of—I have found a house with plenty of eating and drinking, and dancing and fiddling, and the landlord will be here in an instant—But sure you have no intention of hiding your handsome face in a convent.

BERENGERIA. And why not sir—

LA BRUCE. Because I think those who are in, wish to get out; and the doors of them ought to be shut against all virgins, who are not either so old, so ugly, or so ill-natured, as to despair of getting husbands—and that such places are only proper retreats for bad faces.

BERENGERIA. But there virtue is sure of an asylum.

LA BRUCE. Virtue! Oh! If virtue does not find protection in herself, stone walls, bolts, or bars, will afford her very little security.

Enter MORGAN, LAURETTA, &c.

MORGAN. Holloa—

LA BRUCE. Here, old boy, here—

MORGAN. You have found the lady!

LA BRUCE. Yes, but she is found to be lost—she is going into a convent.

MORGAN. Lady, I have an humble cottage near at hand, where you may rest in security—Lauretta lend the lady your arm.

BEREN-

BERENGERIA. Thank you, courteous maiden, for I am much fatigued—but Heaven must be obeyed, and it is our duty not to question its dispensations.

G L E E.—*Dr. Hayes.*

BERENGERIA, LAURETTA, MORGAN, LA
BRUCE, &c. &c.

SWEET peace of mind, seraphic guest,

How long thy absence shall we mourn;

From yon bright mansion of the blest,

With all thy placid train return.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*A Hall in MORGAN's House, ornamented with Pikes, Shields, &c.*—BLONDEL, BERGHEN, &c. *at a Table.*

BERGHEN. Come, old blind boy, I'll have some more wine, it's fitting for a man in love.

BLONDEL. And are you deeply in love, my honest fellow?

BERGHEN. Deep! almost drowned. A murrain on him for an urchin; he has been a Will-o'-the-Wisp to I. He leads one aside as I walk, and throws me into the ditch—Scarce a day passes since I fell over heart and soul in love, but I have fallen over head and ears in the mire.

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL. Your case is pitiable.

BERGHEN. Pitiable! I say it is a devillish case.—You must know that I am in love with that there Lauretta, you heard abuse me a while ago, as she passed by. Some folks say she dislikes me, but I know she loves me.

BLONDEL. And you're the best judge.

BERGHEN. To be sure I am; though, ecod, she has never said so; but what of that! a fellow like me can easily guess at such things; and I can tell which way the wind blows, when I see a weather-cock, as well as another.—Were you ever in love?

BLONDEL. Who has been free from it; but, alas! remembrance lives in my breast, and hope has fled.

S O N G.—B L O N D E L.—*Dumy.*

* * * O H, soft remembrance! airy sprite,
Thou second life of blifs and pain;
Exquisite sense of keen delight,
Who giv'st our feelings back again.

How bright thy downy slumbers are,
Where love and tender fancy beams;
The sweetest notes which fleet in air,
Awake at once thy fairy dreams.

D

But

But hope, too long deluded, joins
 No more with thine her lovely form;
 Nor copies from thy fainter lines,
 The scenes her strong ideas warm.

[Turns up the Stage.]

MORGAN, LA BRUCE, BERENGIERIA, LAURETTA,
and BEATRICE enter, while BLONDEL is singing--
 BERENGIERIA stops—they stop with her—she listens
with Attention, and shows Marks of surprise.

BERENGIERIA. Good Heav'n! that air sinks
 into my heart, and melts my soul with tenderness.

[*Exeunt Berengieria, and Lauretta; Berengieria looking back upon Blondel as she goes out.*]

MORGAN. Come, Master La Bruce, as you
 call yourself, we will take a cup with this musical old beggar.

BERGHEN. Ecod, so we will; let me tell
 you, he can pay his club with a good song.

Enter LAURETTA.

LAURETTA. Father, father, the poor lady
 had like to have fainted; but says, if the blind
 man would sing that song near her chamber door,
 which she heard as she went through the hall, it
 would revive her spirits.

MORGAN.

MORGAN. He shall wait on her immediately.

[Exit LAURETTA.]

BERGHEN. But not till he hears my song—
It is a good cure for love, if I could only take
it; but I am like your doctors, who never make
use of their own physic.

SONG AND CHORUS.—Gaiety.

LA BRUCE.

LET the Sultan's wanton care,
Thousands of the sex prepare,
Gentle, frisking, pretty lasses,
Young and handsome as the graces;

Let him kiss them one and all,

What then, what then?

This concerns not me at all.

Chorus.—For like ev'ry thirsty soul,
I prefer the flowing bowl.

Let the noble duke or peer,
Sell his thousand pounds a year,
Let him quit his grass and stubble,
He'll soon find that life's a bubble;

Let him rise, or let him fall,

What then, &c.

Chorus.—For like ev'ry thirsty soul, &c.

Let the valiant foldier go,
Seeking dangers to and fro;
Let him when the trumpets rattle,
Brave the foremost of the battle,
Honour fears nor sword nor ball,
What then, &c.

Chorus—For like ev'ry thirsty soul,
I prefer the flowing bowl.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *as at the opening.*—Enter LA BRUCE,
BERGHEN, Peasants carrying Baskets of Flowers;
several others, Male and Female, following with
Nosegays.—An old Couple, &c.—A Dance.

EPITHALAMIUM.—*Shields.*

LA BRUCE, and BERGHEN.

WHEN Nich'las first to court began,
And Blanch approv'd his love;
United time and pleasure ran,
Like turtles in the grove:
In joy and sweet delight,
They pass'd each day and night.

Chorus—When Nich'las first to court began,
And Blanch approv'd his love;
Happy and gay,
Smiling as May,
Jocund they pass'd their hours away.

When children bless'd the loving pair,
Kind heaven increas'd their store;
Their boys were brave, their girls were fair,
And each a portion bore
Of labour in the field,
Which health and vigour yield.

Chorus.—When children bless'd, &c.

Tho'

Tho' age their heads with silver crown'd,
 Affection did increase;
 Diffension ne'er their hearts cou'd wound,
 Nor jealousy their peace :
 And still remembrance sweet,
 Their placid minds would greet.
Chorus.—Tho' age their heads, &c.

BERGHEN (*Pulling back La Bruce as he is going out*). I would hold some secret talk with you, do you see.

LA BRUCE. Do you take me for a fool—I tell you I can see, hear, and understand, therefore out with your private talk, without more words.

BERGHEN. That's a house. (*Pointing to Morgan's house*). Now, though I should go over the whole world, that there house would be still before my eyes—for I loves old Morgan's daughter---that lives in it. Heigh-ho!

LA BRUCE. Heigh-ho! why, if you sigh on at this rate, you'll want breath to court with: Will you follow my advice? Not a fellow living understands woman better than I do.

BERGHEN. To be sure I will. You have travelled, do you see me, and knows life—Now I am—am—ecod! I am a kind of a fool in these things; and you must know, since I have fallen into love, or rather since love has fallen into me
 —I don't

—I don't know what I am—but to be sure you know the world—

LA BRUCE. I am a Frenchman, and no Frenchman travels till he knows the world. The ways of the world are his means, my lad—France is the only place in the world where a man can learn to live upon nothing—

BERGHEN. On nothing! Ecod, that's thin diet—I should like to learn how you were taught to live upon nothing.

LA BRUCE. I was taught to live upon nothing by losing every thing—The leeches of Paris sucked up my patrimony; its pleasures I found pains; its sweets, bitters. I there met with gentlemen who purchased upon credit, but never paid—tradesmen, who set up business to be broken down—merchants, who ruined themselves to save fortunes—and ladies—

BERGHEN. Aye! what of the ladies?

LA BRUCE. I was first taught experience from the ladies of the town.

BERGHEN. Ecod, the ladies of the country could have taught you experience enough.

LA BRUCE. At the gaming-table I learned wisdom, by being convinced I was a fool; the courtezans plucked a little wool from me; but the black-legged shepherds sheered my sheep's carcase to the skin.—But see, your mistress appears.

Enter

Enter LAURETTA with a basket of Flowers.

BERGHEN. And with a nosegay for I—I's warrant.

LA BRUCE. Then farewell; come to me when you leave her, and I'll give you some instructions in courtship. *[Exit.*

LAURETTA *(adjusting the flowers)*—

R O N D E A U.—*Bertoni.*

BLEST flow'rs that for my swain I chose,
Thro' you the dearest joys I prove;
Go, on his breast your sweets disclose,
And be the pledge of Laura's love.

From him I caught the gentle flame,
Which warms my heart and prompts my
tongue;

Ah! let him only sigh the same,
And this shall be my constant song,

Blest flow'rs, &c.

BERGHEN. I am the subject of that song.

LAURETTA. What! so early abroad to torment me!

BERGHEN. Early—early do you say—as if one would sleep that loves you—as if one wouldn't
get

ditches—is it for this I have given you two young hedge hogs and a pet pole-cat?—but there is no gratitude in woman-kind—

LAURETTA. Gratitude! you can't dance—

BERGHEN. I have money.

LAURETTA. But with all your money you can't pay compliments.

BERGHEN. I can pay every thing I owe; I have plenty in my house.

LAURETTA. You can't dress with an air.

BERGHEN. Nay listen—sweet Lauretta—

SONG.—BERGHEN.—*Scotch Tune.*

LOCK'D in my chest I've fifty odd pound,

Iv'e four good acres of meadow ground;

For your bonny black eye,

Sweet Lauretta I figh,

Marry me my lass, you'll in plenty abound.

Iv'e two pack horses, a jack-ass and fow,

Barrow, harrow, spade, flail, cart and plough;

Ducks, turkies, geese and hens,

Fourteen sheep in my pens,

Heifer, calf, cat, goat, and a fine milch cow.

A kettle of brass, a pot to stew,

A washing tub, a churn, a vat to brew;

A dog that barks by night,

A warming pan so bright,

Say will you marry me, and I'll marry you.

LAURETTA.

LAURETTA. Marry you ! why, why—O here comes Guillot from my dear Florestine—I will never marry you.

BERGHEN. Never marry me, I won't believe it—she loves me after all—

Enter GUILLOT.

Curse this fellow, I am so afraid of he— (*aside.*)

GUILLOT. Well, master Berghen, still poaching about this house ! what do you want ? who do you look for, and what are you thinking about—

BERGHEN. What do I want ? why I want to go about my business—(*going, returns*) What am I doing here ? why, I's doing nothing I's ashamed of—what am I thinking of ? why, why, why, ecod it shall out—I's thinking as how, d'you hear, 'tis very odd you should follow me to this here place.

GUILLOT. While you follow Lauretta I'll attend you like your shadow, stick to you close as torments to a guilty conscience.

BERGHEN. Lord have mercy on us !

LAURETTA. Ah, dear Mr. Guillot, don't beat the poor devil with that great stick—(*ironically.*)

BERGHEN. There now, I tells you she's fond of I—

LAURETTA. Did I ever tell you so?

BERGHEN. You never told me you were not, and that's the same thing.

GUILLOT. And have you no answer to the governor's letter.

LAURETTA. Give him this nosegay, and tell him I send it with all my heart—(*gives the nosegay.*)

GUILLOT. You shall hear again from him shortly, and be happy with him yet, if you persevere in refusing that clown— (*Exit.*)

BERGHEN. A clown—

LAURETTA. Yes, a clown—so get about your business, honest man.

S O N G—L A U R E T T A.

I LOVE no lover but one,

He loves no other but me ;

Willing to make me his own,

I'm ready his own to be.

For he's a blade of spunk,

Can sing, catch, carrol and glee,

Not like this lazy hunk,

This great booby.

(*pusses him*)

By moon-light on the gay green,

My maiden heart he first won ;

Each day at my door was seen,

Before the beams of the sun.

For he's &c.

Then

Then say you booby shall I,
 Give up the man of my mind;
 No, sooner blockhead I'd die,
 Than marry a clown unkind.
 My swain's a blade of spunk, &c.

[*Exeunt*

Enter MORGAN with a letter in his hand.

BERGHEN. - She rejects me—

MORGAN. An impudent minx, instruction is
 thrown away upon her—and you too dolt; your
 head is like a funnel, pour advice into one ear,
 and it runs out at the other without stopping—
 I won't be in a passion, but get out—(*thrusts Berg-
 hen out.*)—Here, here is the villainous gover-
 nor's letter—(*unfolds the letter*) Oh! this girl will
 break my heart—but no matter for that—
 (*walks aside.*)

Enter BLONDEL led by ANTONIO.

BLONDEL. Lead me towards the castle, my
 good Antonio; I like to feel the warmth of the
 early sun, and to breathe the pure air that accom-
 panies its rising.

ANTONIO. You are so kind to me, I would
 lead you all over the world.

MORGAN. What lies this baggage must have
 told me—I'll make an example of this gover-
 nor—seduce my daughter! but he's a governor!
 what's

what's that to me, I'll have my revenge, and he's not the first governor who has deserved punishment—fire and fury, yes, I'll find somebody who can read—(*sees Blondel*)—ah my good old fellow, can you read.

BLONDEL. Do not mock me pray—the Turks with hot irons deprived me of sight.

MORGAN. Poor fellow, but I am blind myself, blind with rage.

ANTONIO. I can read, master—

MORGAN. Then read this letter—(*Morgan gives Antonio the letter.*) I can not make out this German writing—it is so in and out, zig zag, like a chever de freze.

BLONDEL. And read it out loud and distinct.

ANTONIO. “Charming Lauretta”—

MORGAN. O the villain! he would charm her into disgrace! you must know this letter comes from the governor of that castle to my daughter.

BLONDEL. From the governor! but go on Antonio.

ANTONIO. “My heart can scarce contain
“its joy, at the assurance you have given me
“of your constant love.”

MORGAN. Her assurance! yes, yes, she has assurance enough with a vengeance—go on—
(*to Antonio.*)

ANTONIO. “If the prisoner committed to
“my care,”

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL. The prisoner !

MORGAN. Why the devil do you interrupt the boy.

ANTONIO. " If the prisoner committed to
" my care, permit me to go out, I will come and
" throw my self,"

MORGAN. I would to Heav'n he would
throw himself from the top of the castle into
the bottom of the ditch.

BLONDEL. Be calm, why do you interrupt
the boy ? begin that last sentence again.

ANTONIO. " If the prisoner committed to
" my care, permit me to come out, I will throw
" myself at your feet—but if this night," here
some words torn away with breaking open the
seal.

MORGAN. Aye, aye, that's my fault ; but no
matter for that.

ANTONIO. " Let me know by Guillot, at
" what hour I may have the happiness of speak-
" ing to you—your sincere and constant lover,
" Florestine."

MORGAN. Meet her at night !

BLONDEL. Why, friend, you are agitated on
this business—why should the love of the gover-
nor to your daughter—the honour—

MORGAN. The devil—

BLONDEL. Why so passionate ?

MORGAN. I am a Welshman

BLONDEL. Be calm—

MORGAN.

MORGAN. No, I'll storm—I am from a country, where virtue, though reduced to poverty, is better respected than vice wallowing in riches.

BLONDEL. From Wales—

MORGAN. Yes, and a soldier, who would rather see his daughter wife to the meanest peasant, than mistress to the most dignified lord—

BLONDEL. Let me press your hand.

MORGAN. I fought in Palestine—against Saladin.

BLONDEL. Ah! In Palestine.

MORGAN. Aye, under Cœur de Lion—Richard of England—the greatest soldier of the age.

BLONDEL. But now a miserable prisoner!

MORGAN. My king a prisoner!

BLONDEL. Don't interrupt, but mark—
Fearing that perfidy which he had often experienced from the monarch of France, the noble Richard attempted to reach England in disguise; but being discovered by Leopold, duke of Austria, was by him seized, and basely given up to Henry the Emperor, who now holds him prisoner in some obscure part of his dominions—But tell me, honest soldier, why prefer this country to your own?

MORGAN. From necessity—My father having been killed in a quarrel, by the lord of the manor, about some game, while I was in Palestine, on my return I revenged his death, and wounded

ed his enemy, which forced me to fly the place of my nativity ; but no matter for that---I now only feel for my king.

BLONDEL. Then you loved Richard.

MORGAN. Loved him ! lived for him.

BLONDEL. And would die for him---

MORGAN. Damn me if I would not. [*Exit.*

Enter LAURETTA.

LAURETTA. Good old man, I have something to ask you [*Takes Blondel by the hand*]. Tell me truly what has my father been saying to you ?

BLONDEL. Is it you who are called the charming Laretta ?

LAURETTA. Some folks call me so for a nick-name [*Smiling*].

BLONDEL. Then, your father is very angry with you, charming Laretta. He knows the contents of the letter from your lover Florestine, governor of the castle.

LAURETTA. Florestine is my lover's name, indeed ! but who read the letter to my father ?

BLONDEL. Not I, for I am blind---my little conductor there read it.

LAURETTA. I am very sorry for it.

ANTONIO. But, father, did not you desire me to read it.

F

LAURETTA:

LAURETTA. Well, no matter ; but what did the letter say---

BLONDEL. That if it was not for the prisoner under his care—Who is this prisoner ?

LAURETTA. No body but my Florestine knows who he is.

BLONDEL. Your Florestine would throw himself at your feet to-night.

LAURETTA. Would he !

ANTONIO. He says he would, as I hope to be married to my sweet Caroline.

BLONDEL. He will come to you this very night.

LAURETTA. Oh ! I fear to meet him---

RONDEAU.—LAURETTA.—*Gretry.*

I DREAD to hear his voice by night,

In list'ning I find such delight,

So sweet's his tale of love ;

And when I hear him sigh,

My heart his words approve,

And yet I can't tell why—

BLONDEL. You love him tenderly,

LAURETTA. O heavens ! I do indeed,

BLONDEL. Your confession is so ingenuous---
I will advise you, charming Lauretta.

LAURETTA.

LAURETTA. Pray do—for I declare I know not whom to trust—but your manner, your age, and above all your blindness, which prevents you from seeing my blushes, gives me assurance. But, now I think on it—who told you I was charming?

BLONDEL. Alas! the unhappy blind conceive the beauty of a woman from the sweetness of her voice, and the softness of her skin. [*Takes her hand.*]

LAURETTA. And the blind, I suppose, shew their approbation as you do, by squeezing the hand—Don't you say I have charms?

BLONDEL. True, my girl.

LAURETTA. And so says Florestine—but, indeed, my good old friend, if it had not been for my father's hasty temper, I should have told him every thing that passed between me and the Governor.

BLONDEL. So then, in expectation of a favourable opportunity to acquaint your father with the Governor's passion, you intend to receive him at night. Lauretta, you must not confide too much in your innocence.

DUETT.—BLONDEL and LAURETTA.—Gretry.

BLONDEL.

THE downy God of smiles and sighs,
With pleasure shuts his twinkling eyes,
Therefore my girl suspect him;
And was he absolutely blind,
By feeling he'd express his mind,
Nor could you e'er detect him.

LAURETTA.

Good sir, teach me if you please,
This pretty air—this pretty air;
I shall learn it with great ease,
To delight my chevalier.

[BLONDEL sings the first verse, teaching it to LAURETTA, while she repeats the words and notes after him.]

[Exeunt.

The Scene opens, and discovers a Fortification and strong Castle; a Parapet Wall before the Ditch. RICHARD appears at a grated Window.

Enter BLONDEL and ANTONIO.

BLONDEL. Well, my little friend, are we near the castle?

ANTONIO.

ANTONIO. Yes, father, just at the parapet,
where you desired me to lead you.

BLONDEL (*sitting*). That's well—take this money and provide me some refreshment—

ANTONIO. I sha'n't be long—(*Exit.*)

BLONDEL. If my king be imprisoned within
this castle, the morning is so calm, my voice
will penetrate to the furthest cell—(*takes his harp
to play*)—I will sing the ode with which love for
Berengeria inspired Richard's breast.

[*As Blondel plays the Symphony upon his Harp,
Richard starts, and appears attentive.*]

D U E T T.

BLONDEL and RICHARD.—*Gretry.*

B L O N D E L.

* * Surrounded in the thickest fight,
By enemies o'erthrown,
Defenceless and alone,
I should have been depriv'd of light,
But I invoc'd my fair—and lov'd
And aid receiv'd from heaven above!

R I C H A R D.

A look from her whom I admire,
Would sooth corroding grief;
Health, peace, and joy must soon expire,
Unless she brings relief.

Was

Was beaut'ous Berengeria here,
 I should no future dangers fear.
 A look from her whom I admire,
 Would change my destiny :
 Health, peace, and Cupid's cheering fire,
 Produce felicity.

B. O T H.

A look from her whom I admire, &c.

[FLORESTINE comes to the Window with Officers forcing off RICHARD; at the same Time Soldiers enter from a Postern Gate, and seize BLONDEL.]

SOLDIER. Answer directly—Do you know who just now sung with you?

BLONDEL. I suppose some tender-hearted Christian, who joined my lay as he passed by.

SOLDIER. You must to prison—

BLONDEL. If you are soldiers, you'll be merciful—humanity is as congenial to a brave soul as courage—O! do not add to the misery of an old warrior, whom the cruel Turks have deprived of fight.

SOLDIER. You must to the Governor, and perhaps your blindness may save your life.

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL. The Governor—lead me to him. I have nothing to fear, and have information of the most serious consequence to communicate.

SOLDIER. Here comes the Governor; but take care you speak truth, for death would be the consequence of his detecting you in a falsehood.

Enter FLORESTINE.

BLONDEL. Where is the noble Governor?

(Feeling about.)

FLORESTINE. Here, old man, close to your side.

BLONDEL. I have business of the utmost importance to communicate.

FLORESTINE. Speak truth—deception will be punished with death.

BLONDEL. Alas, Sir! loss of sight is worse than death—how could a poor blind man deceive you? But are you alone? *(In a low voice.)*

FLORESTINE. Retire—*(The Soldiers retire.)*—What have you to say?

BLONDEL. The charming Lauretta—

FLORESTINE. Ha! What of her?

BLONDEL. Has read to me the letter she received from you—

FLORESTINE. I thought her father had got it.

BLONDEL. True.

FLORESTINE.

FLORESTINE. Well, my good friend—

BLONDEL. Oh! you are at this side now—
Aye, now I am your good friend—How love
softens the voice and changes the sentiment in
an instant! But Lauretta desires me to tell you,
you may come this evening at any time most
agreeable to yourself.

FLORESTINE. My friend, direct me. How
can it be?

BLONDEL. A jubilee ball is given at her fa-
ther's, and you may come under pretence of a-
musement.

FLORESTINE. Your finging on the parapet
then, was merely for the purpose of getting to
speak with me.

BLONDEL. For no other purpose—and Lau-
retta contrived the scheme.

FLORESTINE. Ingenious creature! her wit is
equal to her beauty.—Well, my friend, you may
go, and pray excuse the harsh usage you have re-
ceived—

BLONDEL. But, Sir, (*feeling for Florestine*)—
Oh, you are on this side now—Lest the soldiers
should suspect my commission, had not you best
scold me before I depart.

FLORESTINE. You are right.—A cunning old
pandar, I warrant.—(*Aside*)

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

FLORESTINE and SOLDIERS.

FLORESTINE.

SIR, be gone no longer stay;
All this noise, and nought to say!

BLONDELL.

Good sir, hear, it was not I,
Your soldiers made the horrid cry.

SOLDIERS.

Come sir, quickly leave this place,
Lest you meet with some disgrace;
And if here again you come,
Death will surely be your doom.

[Enter ANTONIO, with a Basket of Provisions—

Joins BLONDELL.]

BLONDEL.

Christians, gentlemen, beware,
Do not add to the despair
Of a poor distressed wight,
Whom the cruel Turks in spite
Have depriv'd of blessed fight.

SOLDIER.

Happy for him he is blind,
Or we should have been less kind,
And to death his fate consign'd.

G

Begone,

Begone, retire,
'Tis the Knight's desire :
But old man take care,
You die if you again come here.

BLONDEL.

Good fir, pray believe,
The blind can't deceive;
If I return, I do submit,
To hang or burn, as you think fit.

ANTONIO.

But should he return,
As I've no mind
To hang or burn,
I'll stay behind.

[*Exeunt BLONDEL led by ANTONIO, FLORESTINE
and SOLDIERS re-enter the Castle, at the Postern.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE—A Hall in MORGAN's House.

Enter LA BRUCE (tipsy), followed by BERGHEN.

BERGHEN.

WELL, what do you say? What does Lauretta say?

LA BRUCE. Say—why, I say that old Morgan has appointed me steel-key in waiting over the cellar, and if you do not drink as you ought, why—you shall go sober to bed.

BERGHEN. Have you done any thing for me?

LA BRUCE. O yes, I have done for you, and I am done for—I have been tasting, and scraping, bowing, and introducing myself to every hog-head in the cellar.—Here's my gentleman-usher.

[Shows the key.]

BERGHEN. Have you introduced my case to Lauretta?

LA BRUCE. What sweet lips she has?

BERGHEN. Whose lips?

LA BRUCE. The lips of the cask of Canary.

BERGHEN. Will Lauretta marry me?

LA BRUCE. You speak like an ass.

BERGHEN. An ass—

LA BRUCE.

LA BRUCE. Yes; but not like Balaam's ass; he was a great orator—he was the first that ever presented a petition or remonstrance—

BERGHEN. Will Lauretta marry me?

LA BRUCE. Marry! yes, marry she will—you're a pretty fellow, and young; and, let me tell you, those are a valuable articles in the market of matrimony; but while you are thinking of marriage—I am thinking—what do you think of—*(hiccup.)*

BERGHEN. I am thinking as how you are a rogue, who has cheated me out of my money; but I know she loves me, and will go to her myself. *(Exit.)*

LA BRUCE. *(Supposing Berghen to be present)* I say, while you're talking of marrying, I am thinking of falling down dead—dead drunk—so you shall hear my epitaph—to be chalked on a cask head—while I lie under—under, all along—under the spigot, with the wine pouring into my mouth—Come, listen to my epitaph—

E P I T A P H.—*Shields.*

LA BRUCE.

YE toppers all, drink to the soul,
Of this right honest fellow;
Who always lov'd a flowing bowl,
And would in death be mellow.

The

The lamp of life he kindled up,
 With spirit stout and glowing;
 His heart inspired thus with a cup,
 Ascends where nectar's flowing.

[Exit.

Enter BERENGIERIA.

BERENGIERIA. The conduct of this minstrel is mysterious—his blindness must have been an imposition; every note he sung rous'd to my remembrance the golden hours of peace and love.

Enter LAURETTA.

LAURETTA. We were in hopes, lady, you wou'd not have departed till after the jubilee.

BERENGIERIA. My business is urgent—pray accept of this (*gives money*); and, hereafter, you may experience *more* ample reward for your hospitality.

LAURETTA. Your bounty, lady, is far above our deserts—in being hospitable, we only did our duty: but the old man, who pleased you so much with his singing, has miraculously recovered his sight—and requests to speak with you directly, on business of importance.

BERENGIERIA. Of importance! then shew him in—

[Exit Lauretta.

BERENGIA. What business can he have with me—my heart beats, as foreboding some great misfortune—

S O N G.—BERENGIA.—*Anfossi.*

THE sun declines, and yields to night,
His beams of Orient light—
He speeds his fiery race
O'er wilds of azure space ;
Whilst I am wretched and forlorn,
He still returns to cheer the morn.—

Once ! ah ! once, I rose free as the light,
Each day smiling, gay and bright,
Life elating
Joy creating,
Spreading peace—whilst soft delight
Crown'd the morn and blest'd the night.

Enter BLONDEL.

BERENGIA. Well, Sir, you have desired to be introduced to me.

BLONDEL. It is true, lady ; and in soliciting the honour, I have experienced the difficulty of obtaining admission to the great, even to be of service to them.—(*Bows.*)

BERENGIA.

BERENGIERIA. From whom, pray, and where did you learn the plaintive air I heard you sing with so much taste?

BLONDEL. That secret, lady, can only be communicated to the Queen of England.

BERENGIERIA. Sir!

BLONDEL. To royal Richard's consort, before whom I kneel.—(*kneels*)

BERENGIERIA. Am I betrayed?

BLONDEL. No, lady, but known.

BERENGIERIA. Who are you? speak!

BLONDEL. My long and faithful services inspire me to hope that Blondel, your minstrel, is not quite forgotten.

BERENGIERIA. What! loyal Blondel! Blondel, who attended my Richard to the wars? Oh, tell me! tell me, does my sovereign live?

BLONDEL. A full year has elapsed since misfortune parted us.

BERENGIERIA. But is my King alive?

BLONDEL. From the moment we separated, I have sought him through innumerable dangers, and I have this day discovered—

BERENGIERIA. That he is dead! O my impatient heart!

BLONDEL. No Lady, royal Richard lives!

BERENGIERIA. Then Heav'n has heard my prayers!

BLONDEL. Lives a prisoner in yonder castle.

BERENGIERIA.

BERENGARIA. A prisoner—Oh ! but then he lives.

BLONDEL. Yes, lives and loves with unremitting constancy—within this hour I heard him invoke your name with all the fervency of an infant passion.

Enter MORGAN.

BERENGARIA. Oh, sir, your King—my King—my Richard.

BLONDEL. Lady be not rash—(*holding her.*)

BERENGARIA. What have I to fear? our worthy, honest host is your countryman; and surely an English King has no secret, but he may confide in the integrity of a loyal English subject—Richard—

MORGAN. What of my sovereign—

BERENGARIA. Is alive!

MORGAN. Long may he live!

BERENGARIA. Is a prisoner—

MORGAN. He must be freed!

BLONDEL. Such zeal will work wonders—but let prudence rectify the bounding spirit of loyalty.

MORGAN. Lady, there are a noble troop of gentlemen arrived, who enquire after you.

BERENGARIA. My faithful friends from whom I separated in the forest—shew them in: (*Exit*

Morgan)

Morgan.) faithful Blondel, these are men of approved valour and undoubted honour.

BLONDEL. May I inquire, my most gracious Queen, what accident brought you here?

BERENGARIA. Love! duty!—Duty to my husband, inspired by love. I am on my way to the Emperor's court, to solicit Richard's liberty, which had he continued to refuse, I should, in person, have implored assistance from every power in Europe.

Enter MORGAN, marching at the head of the
KNIGHTS and WOMEN.

BERENGARIA. My gallant friends, our separation was a fortunate event—I have discovered the place of your king's confinement.

QUINTETTO.—*Gretry.*

BLONDEL, MORGAN, KNIGHTS, BERENGARIA, &c.

BLONDEL.

YES, know my friends, within yon towers,
King Richard pines his dreary hours.

KNIGHTS.

What? Richard! O, ye heav'nly powers,
Great Richard, England's gallant King!

H

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL.

'Tis true, my friends, within yon towers

The hero fights out bitter hours :

Yes, England's monarch pines within !

KNIGHTS.

How heard you this ? What friend of ours

To you the secret did entrust ?

Pray tell us how you heard it first.

BERENGARIA.

How heard you this ? What friend of ours

To you this secret did entrust ?

O sure my swelling heart will burst.

BLONDEL.

'Twas I, who under this disguise,
Deceiv'd the watchful centries eyes :

With joy and pain I heard his prayer :

Believe me, friends, brave Richard's there :

I knew his voice, within yon walls

There England's king for succour calls !

BERENGARIA.

My pains and fears by hope are nurs'd,

Lie still my heart and do not burst,

Ere Richard blest my longing eyes.

H**MORGAN.**

MORGAN and KNIGHTS.

'Twixt doubtful pleasure and surprize,
What fears and hopes alternate rise;
King Richard there!--let's force our way.
To arms! to arms!

BLONDEL.

No stay---let's stay!
We lose no time by wise delay---

MORGAN and KNIGHTS.

To arms! to arms! my friends away!

BERENGIERIA.

Honour calls, and glory,
Richard, great in story,
Must be free.

CHORUS.

Soldiers strike home!
Britons ne'er flee;
Glory's our cause,
Richard we'll free.

BERENGIERIA and BLONDEL.

Come, my friends---friends all, join in chorus;
Soldiers haste with heart and hand,
Blondel leads---victory lies before us;
Liberty and Old England.

Enter LA BRUCE.

LA BRUCE. So I have run about the world to a fine purpose—promoted to a tapsterhip in Germany, and may now feed upon four-cront and rhe-nish—A fellow of my genius too—a poet—a Heaven-born poet—none of your regular made ones—at a translation now, I and three more, could extract from the dullest of all Opera's a capital kind of romantic entertainment—then for originality !

S O N G.—L A B R U C E.

AN author I am, a true son of Apollo,
 My merit is high, tho' my pocket is low—
 Such potions of Helicon's waters I swallow,
 A dropsy will soon be my portion, I trow ;
 With a rhyme,
 Chime,
 Satyric,
 Lyric,
 Epic,
 Ditty pastoral ;
 And Scribble,
 Quibble,
 Panegyric,
 I write faster all
 Than the Pierian stream can flow—

Who

Who wants an epigram,
 Epithalamium,
 Acrostic, elegy, or rebus,
 Prologue, epilogue,
 Verses on a lady's lap-dog—
 For all such wares,
 Up four pair of stairs,
 Repair to the son of Phœbus.

In a garret I live, on the floor next the heav'ns,
 My station is high, tho' my pocket is low,
 What! tho' my affairs are at fixes and sevens,
 Why! many a poet, before me was so:
 With a rhyme, &c.

Enter LAURETTA.

LAURETTA. Did my father call?

LA BRUCE. No, it was I call'd, I have a call
 upon you, and you must answer my call; poor
 Berghen has—

LAURETTA. Met with some accident to keep
 him at home I hope.

LA BRUCE. Let me look in your face—poor
 soul, you're very ill.

LAURETTA. You really think so—Are you a
 doctor?

LA BRUCE. No man better acquainted with
 physic, but my conscience would never allow me
 to

to play booty with sickness, and live by the death of my fellow creatures — but see, child, your complaint is love, and for that I have no objection to prescribe.

LAURETTA. Well, let me hear your cure.

LA BRUCE. Will you assist me?

LAURETTA. To be sure, if I see occasion.

LA BRUCE. Why, child, you need only look into the fields, the air, the sea; look to the doves, billing and cooing, the sparrows chattering and chirping, all two by two.

D U E T T.—*Shields.*

LA BRUCE *and* LAURETTA.

WHEN we plough the furrow'd land,

Two by two the oxen stand,

All are coupled two by two.

In the meads and verdant groves,

See the am'rous turtle doves,

How they bill and how they coo,

As they couple two by two.

With the single lad and lass,

How the dismal moments pass,

'Till they're coupled two by two;

But when each has pledg'd a vow,

Lads and lasses speed the plow!

When you're coupled two by two.

Enter

Enter BLONDEL *and* MORGAN.

MORGAN. Your mother's not to be found.

LAURETTA. She's gone to the green with the garland.

MORGAN. Then 'tis time to prepare for the dance.

LAURETTA. A dance, father?

MORGAN. Yes, my dear girl!

LAURETTA. Dear girl! 'tis a long time father since you were so kind—oh, that my dear Florestine was to be my partner. (*Aside to Blondel.*)

BLONDEL. Attend to me—he shall be your partner. (*Flourish within.*)

MORGAN. Ah! ha! they have begun the dance, and with sweet warlike music; and now by St. George I'll have a partner—yes, Master Governor, you and I will have a dance together. (*Exit.*)

KNIGHT (*within*). It is in vain to attempt opposition.

FLORESTINE (*within*). Morgan, I call on you for assistance.

MORGAN. (*within*). I thought you called upon my daughter.

LAURETTA. O, mercy! 'tis the voice of Florestine, and in distress.

BLONDEL. Now, Richard, now for freedom.

(*Draws a Sword from his Breast going out*)

Enter

Enter FLORESTINE retreating before MORGAN.

MORGAN. Pray stand back, let me have him all to myself.

BLONDEL. Sir, you are in our power—do not disgrace your courage by rashness.

LAURETTA. Dear father intercede for him.

MORGAN. He would have seduced you.

LAURETTA. No, indeed, his love was honourable.

MORGAN. Honourable—(*Going.*)

FLORESTINE. I lament the fate of Richard, but can never consent to betray my duty.

MORGAN. Then we'll do ours—force him away, and confine him safe.

[*Exeunt Blondel, Knights, and Florestine.*]

Enter BLONDEL and KNIGHTS.

BLONDEL. I have left a guard upon the Governor, and on his person we have found the key of the postern gate.

MORGAN. The key! give it to me, and I will guide you, my brave countrymen, to the prison. I have been all over the fortification before now, and know every turn and passage in it.

BLONDEL. Then come on—Richard must now be free, or we must perish.

CHORUS.

Soldiers strike home! &c.

[*Exeunt Morgan and Knights.*]

Enter

Enter BERENGIERIA and BLONDEL.

BLONDEL. Lady, our plan has succeeded—the Governor is in custody, and your gallant attendants are now arming for an attack on the castle—

BERENGIERIA. You elate my heart with joy—but my Richard shall reward you—and sure, if the purest friendship that ever influenced a sensible heart, can insure success, you, honest Blondel, have a right to expect it.

BLONDEL. Your presence, lady, inspires us; your prayers will strengthen our courage—'tis for our king we fight—he is guardian of his people's rights, and the arm that is raised against his life strikes at their most precious liberties—

[Exit.]

BERENGIERIA. I will retire to my chamber, and implore the aid of heaven to inspire every heart in the glorious cause of freedom and of Richard—

S O N G. *Shields.*

BERENGIERIA.

FREEDOM, divine, ætherial flame,

Who bid'st terrific thunders roll;

Mov'st to soft harps the sphery frame,

And wak'st to extacy the soul.

I

For

For Thee the poet's strain shall flow,
 Inspirer of the vocal strings;
 And Philomel forget her woe,
 To aid Thee by whose aid she sings.

[Exit.]

The Scene changes to a moon-light Prospect, shewing the Great Gate of the Castle flanked with Towers, a Standard flying, displaying the Arms of the Emperor.

Enter MORGAN, KNIGHTS, &c.—MORGAN carrying a Flag wound on a Staff.

MORGAN. This key opens the outward gate, that stands before the draw-bridge—see how proudly the Emperor's Eagle flies—but I have brought St. George's flag—[unwinding the Flag from the Staff.]

KNIGHT. Which we'll place—

MORGAN. You mean, which I'll place in its stead.

KNIGHT. Are there any women in the castle?

MORGAN. Women! why no—but suppose there were, when a soldier meets a woman, even in the very storm of fight—let him remember he has a mother, wife, daughter, sister, or sweet-heart.

Enter

Enter BLONDEL, in a military Dress.

BLONDEL. Fellow-soldiers, are you all determined ?

KNIGHT. All, all—though it is a forlorn hope.

MORGAN. Who says a forlorn hope !

BLONDEL. A noble hope he meant. What fate can a soldier hope for more glorious, than dying to give his sovereign freedom !

MORGAN. Besides the garrison are not above fifty—not more than two to one against us.

BLONDEL. Open the gate—Keep a silent step till we are all in. (*Morgan unlocks the wicket.*)

MORGAN. And then, huzza—I shall roar as if the devil blew a trumpet in my throat — (*They enter the postern gate.*)

[*Martial Music—An Alarm beat within—A Fight on the Battlement over the Gate.—MORGAN, at the Head of the English, falling, BLONDEL rushes forward to his Support, and rescues him. The Germans are beaten off by BLONDEL. MORGAN remains, cuts down the Emperor's Standard, and erects that of St. George.—The great Gates are then forced open, and discovers the inside of the Fortification. BLONDEL unchains the King, who comes forward at the Head of the Knights, &c.*]

OMNES. Long live Richard, king of England.

RICHARD. My gallant friends, my heart o'erflows with gratitude—

Enter BERENGIERIA, BERGHEN, LAURETTA,
FLORESTINE, PEASANTS, &c.

RICHARD. My love, my queen, my life.

(RICHARD and BERENGIERIA embrace
and retire.)

MORGAN. And now, Sir, what have you to
say to my daughter?

FLORESTINE. I never intended wrong against
her; the same principles which forbid me to as-
sassinate the person of a man, command me to
protect, not injure the honour of a woman.

RICHARD comes forward with BERENGIERIA.

RICHARD. Here I owe much (*To Florestine*).
Restore him his sword—he is a good soldier, and
cannot make an ill use of it.—Sir, your fidelity
to your sovereign, and humane discharge of your
trust, merit my respect, and insure my protection.

MORGAN. O, if that be the case, take Lau-
retta with all my heart.

RICHARD. Your honest host too, my queen,
must be rewarded—(*drawing his sword*) we'll knight
him—

MORGAN. No honours for me, an't please
your Majesty, any little snug place in the house-
hold will do—we have too many knights in these
days—

BERENGIERIA. Then you will all attend us to
England,

BLONDEL.

BLONDEL—(*delivering a paper to Richard*)—
From whence an express is just arrived, with intelligence that the people, to satisfy the avarice of the Emperor, and relieve their King, have raised the enormous ransom demanded.

RICHARD. See, my queen, the church has poured forth her treasures—the nobility their revenues—every class of my subjects have vied in loyalty.

BLONDEL. And to the honour of my fair countrywomen, they have parted with their jewels and ornaments to aid the glorious cause.

RICHARD. With their principal ornaments they can never part—beauty they inherit from nature—virtue they derive from heaven.

RICHARD. To friendship and love I owe my liberty and life. It was a noble emulation of the most generous passions, and where they are nurtured, every other attribute of a virtuous mind must flourish.

F I N A L E.—*Gretry.*

C H O R U S.

GOD save the King;

God save the King.

R I C H A R D.

Prais'd be the pow'rs above;

Prais'd be the pow'rs above.

BERENGERIA.

Oh ! Richard, Oh ! my king, Oh ! heav'n—

RICHARD.

Oh ! lovely woman,

Love this blest event has giv'n.

BERENGERIA.

'Twas Blondel, 'twas thy dearest friend—

RICHARD.

My dearest friend.—

To whom my warmest wishes tend.

From prison freed by those I love,

Surely I'd the world resign,

For when love and friendship join,

We taste the joys of fairs above.

BERENGERIA.

To whom my warmest wishes tend.

D U E T T

BERENGERIA AND BLONDEL.

Now when love and friendship join,

We taste the bliss of fairs above.

CHORUS.

LAURETTA, BEATRICE, ANTONIO, &c.

Long may happiness supreme,

Crown each light fantastic dream ;

Long

Long may the God of love and bliss,
Season each impassion'd kiss :
Love and beauty's choicest flow'r,
Is fair Berengeria's dow'r.

CHORUS.

RICHARD, BLONDEL, &c.

Long may happiness supreme,
Crown each light fantastic dream.
Crowns and sceptres, wealth and pow'r,
Are not worth this happy hour.

BERENGERIA.

O come ye happy lovers, come,
Let me your willing hands unite,
Your father's smiles confirm the doom,
Come join in genial soft delight.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Happy Lovers, &c.

TRIO.

BERENGERIA.

'Twas friendship, welcome guest,
Made all my sorrows cease ;
Soft love now fills my breast,
With happiness and peace.

RICHARD.

'Twas friendship, welcome guest,
Made all my sorrows cease :
Now beauty fills my breast,
With happiness and peace.

B L O N D E L.
 'Twas friendship, happy guest,
 Made all their sorrows cease;
 Their friendship fills my breast,
 With happiness and peace.

C H O R U S.

**RICHARD, FLORESTINE, ANTONIO, MORGAN and
 KNIGHTS.**

Long may the God of love and mutual bliss,
 Season each impassion'd kiss:
 Love and beauty's choicest flow'r,
 Is fair Berengeria's dow'r.

**BLONDEL, BERGHEN, LA BRUCE, LAURETTA
 MARGERY, PEASANTS, &c.**

Long may the God of love and mutual bliss;
 Season each impassion'd kiss;
 Crowns and sceptre's, wreaths and pow'r,
 Are not worth this happy hour.

R I C H A R D.

Crowns and sceptres, wreaths and pow'r,
 Are not worth this happy hour.

B E R E N G E R I A.

To love and friendship Pæans sing:

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C H O R U S O F A L L.

Friendship, love and beauty's pow'r,
 Join to bless this happy hour.

F I N I S.

